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PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1916.
Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country.—Webster.

Champ Clark's name is not Barkis, but he is undoubtedly willin'.

The Kaiser is described as a wreck of his old self. So are Belgium and Serbia.

Distinctly it would not be proper to call the present phase of the war a shell game.

Bill, the police horse, did his duty and died doing it. What better could be said of a man?

When Doctor Cook says that "cultivation of the North Pole will end all wars," does he mean to raise crops of gumdrops?

This man Ignatius Timotheus Tribich Lincoln isn't such great shucks as a spy. He never has tried to discover why Philadelphia pays one dollar for gas.

The man who killed the Austrian Archduke and lighted the train that fired Europe has just died in prison, conscious that his bomb was bigger than he supposed.

Mr. Bryan declares that he will not "trail" the President. In the estimation of many men he has trailed so far behind the President that he is in danger of catching up to him—on the second time around.

Labor leaders who think that the President agrees with their arguments against preparedness because he listens politely, are likely to discover that there is a wide gulf fixed between hearing and nonlistening.

They hear in Stockholm that Mr. Bryan is preparing to leave the United States to work for peace abroad. There are many preparedness advocates here who are wishing that he may find it so pleasant in Europe that he will make a long stay.

Principal Emery, of the Campbell School, at 8th and Fitzwater streets, has a justifiable complaint. He has waited 16 years, has seen four administrations come and go, and still has no playground for his 1800 children. What are you going to do about it?

A good beginning has been made by the Naval Committee of the House in reporting favorably the bill authorizing an increase in the number of cadets at the Naval Academy. The number at the Military Academy ought to be increased also.

William Draper Lewis does not object to having the Progressives not with the Republicans so much as he objects to their surrender of the strategic advantage of pretending to hold out until they get what they want in the way of a progressive platform.

Apart from the technical interest in M. Santos-Dumont's declaration that his invention, the dirigible, is useless in warfare, there is a little lesson for doctrinaires. For a man not to claim the world and more for his own handiwork is a lesson in modesty which statesmen in particular could well follow.

Mrs. Oakley puts the responsibility for uncleaned sidewalks after a snowstorm straight up to the Superintendent of Police. He has power to enforce the ordinance if he chooses. All that is necessary is for him to instruct the patrolmen to notify the offenders and hale them to court if they disregard the notice.

The law forbidding the sale of liquor to habitual drunkards has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. The families of drunkards apparently have the matter in their own hands if they choose to take the trouble to use the remedy provided. The court has decided that the saloonkeeper sells drink at his peril to a man whose family has made a protest.

Benefits from the workmen's compensation law are already beginning to accrue, both to the workmen and to their families. The law has been in force only 25 days. Among the results is the payment to the widow of a man who earned \$25 a week of one-half of his wages for herself and her two children. She will receive this sum for 300 weeks, and her children will receive a suitable sum until they are 16 years old. Payment for 29 fatalities has already been made, or at the rate of almost one a day. The non-fatal accidents have been at the rate of about two every 24 hours. No lawsuit is necessary now to secure compensation for damages, as under the old custom. The injury has to be proved before a board of referees, and the money is paid with reasonable promptness. The law seems to be vindicating its wisdom and justice.

The lesson to be learned from the Octavia Hill Association and its splendid work is not so pleasant as it seems. The association, liquidated, houses and model homes for workmen, houses which won the enthusiastic praise of Doctor Krusen, who speaks with the responsibility of the Department of Public Health and Charities. But the duty of the association is to eliminate the necessity for the Octavia Hill Association. It should empower Doctor Krusen and his associates to compel house owners everywhere to make their houses comfortable and sanitary dwellings. The association is mere there necessary now; but in a black mare against our civilization, to have it exist prosperously, decent living conditions should be brought about by the

organized efforts of private citizens, instead of by the natural workings of economic laws and municipal supervision.

LOOK FOR A MOSES AND FIND HIM

The next President must be a Republican. The kind of protection necessary is a fair protection, which will knit together the industrial and agricultural sections. Preparedness is a national, not a partisan issue. The swagger of the swashbuckler in the land encourages defenselessness. The nation looks for a new leader.

The Moses for whom the nation is searching must have the Sign of the Elephant burned across his breast.

There is no Democrat whose vision leads out of Egypt. The party flaunts a program of acquiescence in slavery, industrial or otherwise, and the burden of its cry is an endless process of correction, damning in its inertia and forever marking time when there is constructive work to be done and enterprises to be achieved.

The rock to smite is the mountain of Americanism, ready at the touch of the rod to yield inexhaustible patriotism, prosperity and progress. No volleys of words can open it.

It is not a time when the American people propose to have their longing for national security capitalized by any political leader or by any political party. They are suspicious of the itch for power, which leads this leader into wanton extravagance of expression and that one into vicious championship of extreme measures.

The war has sobered the public mind. It looks for a calm leader, a man in whom there is no suspicion of Caesarian ambition, no faint advocacy of particular causes solely for his own aggrandizement. They seek a prophet rather than an advocate, a man old in experience, whom the wiles of politicians cannot move nor the love of power contaminate.

The nation is ripe for protection, but not for the sort of protection which disguised the bearded as infant industries and deluged them with favors. The debasement of a great economic principle to crude partisanship and industrial corruption will never again be sanctioned.

Between a tariff for special interests only and a tariff for revenue only there is a middle path, straight and sure, over which this nation intends to travel.

The time is ripe for a change, wherefore it is ripe for a leader; not one of the elder statesmen, whose sinews have toughened in the service of politics only, but a new man with a record of deeds done, and done well, for the benefit of the whole people, in circumstances which have proved the granite of his soul and the pure gold of his character.

Is there a man in all the land, devoted beyond peradventure to the principle of protection as an economic rather than a political doctrine, with a vision before him of the ultimate greatness and purpose of this nation, a man learned in the laws and customs and genius of our institutions, a man who has proved his executive ability, who has met the bosses on their own ground and stamped their colors beneath his feet; a man saturated with American ideals, full of purpose to vindicate the rights of American citizenship wherever they are outraged; a man not afraid to form a judgment and follow it, sure-footed and sure-minded, in whom even his opponents would have confidence and on whose shield there is no shame nor dirt of any kind?

Is there a man who could be depended on to put this nation in a state of thorough preparedness, a statesman and not a swash-buckler, who would meet capital fairly and labor without trembling, who would comprehend that administering a great nation is different from running a corner grocery store, and that on his wisdom and sagacity depend not only the physical well-being of millions, but also the permanence of democratic institutions?

The people are worn out with the factional fights of political groups, which are thirsty for power and confuse their selfish aims with patriotism. The fallacy that there are only one or two men in the Republican party, old leaders formerly repudiated, capable of leading the nation back into prosperous fields, has no fascination for them. The Pharisees cannot plague the people back into their old servitude. They have tasted freedom and power, and both they intend to maintain.

There is real rapprochement of the conflicting factions. The rank and file have long since got together, despite the efforts of leaders to keep them apart while they bartered and traded for an advantageous alliance. The process of coming together has long since been achieved. There remains nothing but to defeat the conspiracy of distribution which has set its mind on harnessing the elephant to the same old coach, with the same old bridle, to pull the leaders and their friends down Pennsylvania avenue in triumph.

Because we believe that protection, industrial and national, is essential to our permanent prosperity; because we are convinced that another four years of Democratic rule would put the country in pawn and delay for fifty years the trade dominance which is dawning, we contemplate with anxiety the increasing audacity of leaders discredited four years ago, and we are more than ever convinced that it is high time for the great masses of voters to bestir themselves, select a candidate of their own and send his name to Chicago with such a weight of indorsement behind it that the convention will not for one minute be in any doubt whatever as to who the candidate will be. It must be an instructed convention, which will do little more than write the platform and record the popular will.

In looking for this Moses it may be possible, for instance, to find a man whose name not only causes Democratic knees to shake, but is a signal also for more foot-warmers in certain Republican quarters.

"NEUTRALS HAVE NO RIGHTS"

WHILE we are protesting against British interference with neutral trade it may be worth while attempting to learn what the British people think of the subject. The attitude of the British seamen is reflected in the London Nautical Magazine, which says: "Let all neutrals be plainly told that we shall do anything we choose to cripple the enemy." Here is more in detail the view of the magazine:

"American interests' forsooth! Why! if we rigidly enforced a blockade and agreed to pay for any loss in 'interests' and could by this shorten the war by one single month, it would save us money. We are told that we are spending 5,000,000 pounds a day, that is 150,000,000 pounds a month; would not such a sum pay for every interest that sufficed by a rigid blockade? Of course it would! and there would be a month's less loss of life. Yet this Government continues to write letters to the American Government.

No one can read this sort of talk without being convinced that the old British theory that no one has any rights on the sea which the British are bound to respect is still widely and firmly held by many Englishmen.

Tom Daly's Column

YESTERDAY, the birthday anniversary of Robert Burns, we journeyed to St. Louis and read the following lines at the annual dinner of the Burns Club, for whom they were written:

THE BIRTH OF TAM O'SHANTER

To a friendly challenge from Captain Gross we are indebted for this admirable masterpiece. Burns having entreated him to make honorable mention of Alloway Kirk in his Antiquities of Scotland, he promised compliance with the request upon one condition—namely, that the poet should supply him with a metrical wish story, as an accompaniment to the engraving. Mrs. Burns it was who related to Kromek the marvelous rapidly with which this poem was produced. According to her, it was the work of a single day—one account even stating that it was composed between breakfast and dinner. As Alexander South put it, with an exultant chuckle, the best days were ever done in Scotland, since Bruce won Bannockburn. Burns, during the early part of that memorable day, had passed the time alone in pacing his favorite walk upon the river bank. "Thither in the afternoon he was followed by his 'bonnie Jean' and some of their children. Finding that he was 'crooning to himself,' and fearing lest their presence might be an interruption, his considerate wife lathered some little distance behind among the bloom and heather with her brood of young ones. Thence her attention was caught by the poet's impassioned gesticulations. She could hear him repeating aloud, while the tears ran down his face: 'Now, Tam! O, Tam! had they been queens.' Toward evening, when the storm of composition had fairly run out, Burns, as told by M'Diarmid, committed the verses to writing upon the top of a sod dyke overlooking the river; and directly they were completed rushed indoors to read them aloud by the fire in a tone of rapturous exultation.

—Rev. Dr. Longman Scott, in the Alloway Edition of Burns' Works.

How broke the east upon that day, In fire and blood of ruddy gray? And did a rich or niggard boon Of sunlight gild the Nith at noon? Who knows or cares? For on that morning, When Tam o'Shanter, without warning, Came gloriously down to earth, The river, singing at his birth, Wore on its face a mystic light; For in that moment reached its height The lyric fire, the dying flare From out the heart of Burns of Ayr!

O' little Nith! O' happy river, You shall not lose that gleam forever; Your waves, whatever moods betide them, Shall sing of him who walked beside them. And from his great heart, wove a story That was the crown upon his glory. And on that morning when he came With frenzied eye and cheek aflame To feast his soul upon the food That poets find in solitude, What was the charm you held him with, O' helpful little river Nith? Ah, well I know the way you did it! I shall not mine nor gloss the credit, But, auditing the dim dead past, Shall here set down your score at last.

To you, that morning (Who shall care If skies above were dull or fair?) The poet, seeking comfort, brought His feebly fancy, big with thought, Beside your bonnie banks he walked, And ever as he went he talked The quaint, blithe things that thronged his brain. And conned them o'er and o'er again; And presently the liquid laughter Of pleasant waters gurgled after. And, as a voice by harp attended, With hurried beauty grows more splendid, So veered the poet's budding song Where light your ripples leaped along. You smiled and danced and made your meanders

To watch his song of ale-house pleasure, Where Tom and cronies came to mingle. Beside their comfortable ingle; But when the "reeling songs" came thicker, And Robb's tongue, that sang of liquor, Grew overbold and full of yearning, No doubt you set your rapids churning, To draw his thoughts from off the "nappy" And keep him stinging, blithe and happy.

Then, when he pushed those joys aside And sallied forth with Tom to yide, (For well you know that Tam o'Shanter Was not alone upon that center) How well again his mood was followed! Among your rocks the thunder bellowed; Your spray upon the light breeze puffed; For "rattlin' showers upon the blast"; You made the "Doon pour all his floods"; The "doubbling storm roar through the woods"; And somewhere in your shadows lurk The dancers in the ruined kirk.

But when that dance grew wild and furious And Tam, with watching, much too curious; And Robb, prattling of the "queens," A plump and strapping in their teens, Seemed bent on lingering overlong, I like to think that then the song In all your rippling waves you stilled, As by the breath of winter chilled, That Robin, in the pause, might hear His "bonnie Jean" and children near; And draw his thoughts from "sarks o' flannel" And back into the proper channel.

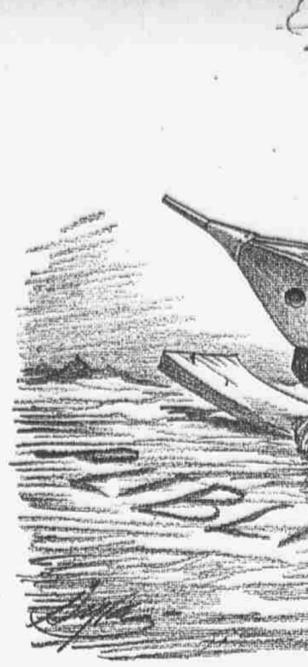
Then with your song and liquid laughter You rose again to follow after. With O' what sympathetic feeling, Where faithful Meg, the ware, goes reeling Across the bridge that spans the flood, By all the ghostly crew pursued, And carries off her master, hale, But leaves behind her own grey tail.

And when the day was done you knew The poet's exaltation, too; 'Twas yours at all of dusk to share The calm that soothed the Bard of Ayr, And through the night, O' happy stream! You were a music in his dream. There, musing by some mossy stone, Perhaps, ah, yes, you must have known That though again upon your shore The poet still would walk, no more Would Time bring round to you the bliss Of any day to match with this— The very cap-sheaf on the past, The greatest labor and the last.

Oh! in the fire of that one day How many years were burned away? And in the torrents of his tears Were told how many unborn years? For this man took life's cap and laughed And strove to drain it in a draught. What tragedy was in this mirth, O' river, singing at its birth? What holocaust was in the light With which your morning face was bright?

O' little Nith! O' happy river, You shall not lose that gleam forever; Your waves, whatever moods betide them, Shall sing of him who walked beside them. And from his great heart wove a story That was the crown upon his glory!

WHITHER BOUND?



JOSEPH CHOATE AT EIGHTY-FOUR

Famous Jurist and Statesman, and Humorist as Well, Is One of America's Most Remarkable Octogenarians

THERE are degrees of distinction among distinguished men, but Joseph Hodges Choate stands in the front rank of living Americans universally respected and admired for their qualities of mind and character and for the impress they have made on their day and generation. Still considerably active in public affairs and possessed of that wit and humor so remarkably combined with keen intellectuality, Mr. Choate may be described in hackneyed terms as a youthful octogenarian. Somehow we are getting used to young old men like Joseph Choate and Lyman Abbott. Anyway, there are several conspicuous examples. Every year Mr. Choate has a birthday party, and on each occasion he tells the newspaper men that it's the first one of a new series.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

This year he celebrates the 84th anniversary of his birth in Salem, Mass. Which is to say that he's a loyal New Englander. For several years he was president of the New England Society of New York, and the first time he was publicly heard in Philadelphia was in response to an invitation extended by the New England Society of Pennsylvania. He comes of a family noted for strength of character and mental vigor. A cousin of his father, who was a prosperous farmer, was the famous Rufus Choate, a man who, among other distinctions, was fond of reading the dictionary. Joseph Choate was graduated from Harvard in 1852. At commencement Joseph delivered the Latin salutatory and his brother William the English valedictory. After completing his course in the Dane Law School Joseph Choate began practice in Boston, afterwards removing to New York, where he became the recognized leader of the bar of that city, and perhaps of that of the country. For years he was a member of the law firm of Everts, Choate & Beaman.

Senators Aplety, But One Choate

Of few men can it be said as truly that the record of his political life is a record of public service, for he has never been an office-seeker, and his participation in politics has been only an incident in the fulfillment of public-spirited aims. Once he was a candidate for the United States Senate, leading a forlorn hope, but "Tom" Platt defeated him easily. He was remarked at the time that "everybody knows Mr. Choate has genius, learning and wit enough to furnish a whole Senate" and that "Senators are common enough, but there is only one Joseph Hodges Choate." In 1894 he was president of the New York Constitutional Convention, and that was the only public office he had held when in 1899 McKinley appointed him Ambassador to the Court of St. James as the successor of John Hay. He had helped elect Seth Low Mayor of New York, however, and on several occasions before and since he has served on international arbitration boards. In 1907 he went to The Hague as a representative of this country to the International Peace Congress. Of late he has contributed articles on public issues to the leading magazines, and he is one of the leaders in the movement for preparedness.

The lawyer Choate has appeared in scores of celebrated cases East and West, North and South, national and international. By his victory in one of them he made Leland Stanford University possible. Among other notable cases which he conducted are some which will be brought to mind by the following brief descriptions: Defense of General Fitz-John Porter, prosecution of the Tweed ring. Tilden will contest, Chinese exclusion cases, income tax litigation of 1894. In the Bering Sea controversy he represented Canada. It was often said, when Choate was in active practice at the bar, that a case wasn't a case unless Choate appeared in it. Pre-eminent in cross-examination, he had a marvelous facility in sifting the material facts into a clear light, and in addressing court or jury he presented his facts with simplicity, aided by serenity of temper, personal charm and a fine sense of humor. He never sought rhetorical effects, but employed always the fittest language.

As in the courtroom, so at banquet tables and on the public platform he was distinguished for his pure diction and suavity of manner. These qualities he has not lost with the years. Tall, with large, well-poised head and fine-tail, smooth-shaven face,

always urbane and natural in gesture, his appearance and manner only reinforce the words he utters. The following sentence from a news report of one of his speeches would apply equally well to scores of other addresses: "In a speech which was full of telling points and happy allusions, which was popular without being frivolous, and dignified without being dull, Mr. Choate fulfilled in a masterly way the difficult duty required of him."

Famous Sayings and Bon-Mots

Many tales have been told of Choate the orator, the after-dinner speaker, the author of innumerable bon-mots. On one occasion in his early career he had the daring to rebuke a judge before whom he was arguing a case. Only a lawyer of Choate's courtesy and dignity could "get away" with such a thing as that, and it happened more than once. A judge in this instance turned and began talking with some one behind him. Choate stopped short in his address. The Judge faced him again and Choate said: "Your Honor, I shall need all the time allotted me for summing up, and I shall need your Honor's undivided attention." "And you shall have it," the Judge apologized. At a banquet of the bar Choate followed a famous raconteur, whose hoary stories had driven many from the room. It was at a late hour that Choate rose and commanded attention by his opening words, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, we are all lawyers here tonight—except the judges."

Many of his sayings have survived their occasions. There is the toast to "Women, the better half of the Yankee world, at whose tender summons the Pilgrim Fathers were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never would have achieved their historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers." And the well-known answer to a partner at dinner, who asked him who he would like to be if he weren't Mr. Choate. "Mrs. Choate's second husband," was the instantaneous response.

The late Lord Alverstone, in his reminiscences, paid Mr. Choate a high compliment in declaring that among our Ambassadors to Great Britain, Choate stood equal with any of them and, as a public speaker, superior. Another Englishman said that "Choate was never heard to repeat himself or to make a speech without saying something." Before Choate returned to America he was adopted by the inner circle of the British Bar and made a "bencher"—that is, a member of the governing body of the Middle Temple. It was an honor not conferred on a foreigner since about 1650, and never before conferred on an American.

YE GOOD OLD TIMES

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—In one of the delectable articles on "Eats," published on your editorial page, there is some reference to the distinctive Philadelphia dish known as scrapple. But I happened lately to run across a reference to Philadelphia "eats" of the good old times of the 17th century. It is from Miss Reppel's pen, as follows: "To the game, and fish, and six-inch long oysters, the colonists had added swiftly the Indian delicacies—corn, and hominy, and the delicious succotash. Mighty drinkers they were, too, in their own sober fashion, consuming vast quantities of ale and spirits, and making no serious inroads on the pure and wholesome water; the legitimate purpose of boiling greens. The first beer was made from molasses, and we have Penn's assurance that 'when well boiled, with Sassafras or Pine infused into it, this is a very tolerable drink'—which we should never have supposed."

The writer of "Eats According to Locality" is correct in pointing out the absence of any distinctive American cookery. There ain't no such animal, anymore than there's an American literature. American literature and American cookery ain't near products that couldn't have come to pass anywhere else than in America. When one author speaks of cornmeal mush and hominy as distinctively American, he's right in a way, and then, of course, again he's wrong. L. R. Cynwyd, January 24.

PARENTAL NEGLIGENCE

What a presidential candidate can't forgive is the failure of his parents to arrange for his birth in a log cabin instead of a brownstone apartment house.—Boston Transcript.

AMUSEMENTS

- ADELPHI NEXT MONDAY Jan. 31 EVENING FRANCES STARR
WALNUT Pop. Meis. Tues. & Thurs. 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00
WILMINGTON SCHOOL DAYS
LYRIC MAT TODAY AT 2:15. TONIGHT AT 8:15. THE FAMOUS WINTER GARDEN NEVER LEAVES THE SHOW OF 'THE'
Knickerbocker THEATRE PLAYERS Presenting "INSIDE THE LINES"

AMUSEMENTS

FORREST—Mat. Today Last 4 Evgs. JULIAN ELTINGE In His New Success Best Seats \$1.00 at Popular Matinee Today

LAST SPECIAL MATINEE TOMORROW RUTH DENNIS TED SHAWNS & Notable Co. of Solo Dancers & Ensembles

A GOOD IDEA IS ALWAYS WELCOME! When a Myriad of Brilliant Ideas Is Concentrated Into One Entertainment the Result Is an Inestimably Great Pleasure That Should Not Be Missed. PLEASURE RUNS RIOT TO THE HIGHEST PINNACLE IN KLAU & ERLANGER'S PEERLESS PRODUCTION

AROUND THE MAP WHICH OPENS AT THE FORREST Next Monday AND FOR WHICH THE SEAT SALE STARTS TOMORROW

GARRICK—Mat. Today Last 2 Weeks COHAN and HARRIS Present BEST PLAY IN 25 YEARS ON TRIAL Popular Price Mat. TODAY. Best Seats \$1.

BROAD—Mat. Today Nights at 8:15 Klaw & Erlanger and George Tyler Present POLLYANNA The Glad Days to Spread Good Cheer Best Seats \$1.50 at Popular Mat. TODAY.

CONVENTION HALL—Broad and Alibon. WEEK OF MONDAY, JANUARY 31. Lu Lu Temple Mystic Shrines Present FRANK P. SPELLEMAN'S WINTER CIRCUS A "BIG TOP" SHOW INDORS SEATS ON SALE AT GIMBELS

CHESTNUT ST. Opera House Matinee, 1:30 to 5 P. M.—10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.70, 1.80, 1.90, 2.00, 2.10, 2.20, 2.30, 2.40, 2.50, 2.60, 2.70, 2.80, 2.90, 3.00, 3.10, 3.20, 3.30, 3.40, 3.50, 3.60, 3.70, 3.80, 3.90, 4.00, 4.10, 4.20, 4.30, 4.40, 4.50, 4.60, 4.70, 4.80, 4.90, 5.00, 5.10, 5.20, 5.30, 5.40, 5.50, 5.60, 5.70, 5.80, 5.90, 6.00, 6.10, 6.20, 6.30, 6.40, 6.50, 6.60, 6.70, 6.80, 6.90, 7.00, 7.10, 7.20, 7.30, 7.40, 7.50, 7.60, 7.70, 7.80, 7.90, 8.00, 8.10, 8.20, 8.30, 8.40, 8.50, 8.60, 8.70, 8.80, 8.90, 9.00, 9.10, 9.20, 9.30, 9.40, 9.50, 9.60, 9.70, 9.80, 9.90, 10.00, 10.10, 10.20, 10.30, 10.40, 10.50, 10.60, 10.70, 10.80, 10.90, 11.00, 11.10, 11.20, 11.30, 11.40, 11.50, 11.60, 11.70, 11.80, 11.90, 12.00, 12.10, 12.20, 12.30, 12.40, 12.50, 12.60, 12.70, 12.80, 12.90, 13.00, 13.10, 13.20, 13.30, 13.40, 13.50, 13.60, 13.70, 13.80, 13.90, 14.00, 14.10, 14.20, 14.30, 14.40, 14.50, 14.60, 14.70, 14.80, 14.90, 15.00, 15.10, 15.20, 15.30, 15.40, 15.50, 15.60, 15.70, 15.80, 15.90, 16.00, 16.10, 16.20, 16.30, 16.40, 16.50, 16.60, 16.70, 16.80, 16.90, 17.00, 17.10, 17.20, 17.30, 17.40, 17.50, 17.60, 17.70, 17.80, 17.90, 18.00, 18.10, 18.20, 18.30, 18.40, 18.50, 18.60, 18.70, 18.80, 18.90, 19.00, 19.10, 19.20, 19.30, 19.40, 19.50, 19.60, 19.70, 19.80, 19.90, 20.00, 20.10, 20.20, 20.30, 20.40, 20.50, 20.60, 20.70, 20.80, 20.90, 21.00, 21.10, 21.20, 21.30, 21.40, 21.50, 21.60, 21.70, 21.80, 21.90, 22.00, 22.10, 22.20, 22.30, 22.40, 22.50, 22.60, 22.70, 22.80, 22.90, 23.00, 23.10, 23.20, 23.30, 23.40, 23.50, 23.60, 23.70, 23.80, 23.90, 24.00, 24.10, 24.20, 24.30, 24.40, 24.50, 24.60, 24.70, 24.80, 24.90, 25.00, 25.10, 25.20, 25.30, 25.40, 25.50, 25.60, 25.70, 25.80, 25.90, 26.00, 26.10, 26.20, 26.30, 26.40, 26.50, 26.60, 26.70, 26.80, 26.90, 27.00, 27.10, 27.20, 27.30, 27.40, 27.50, 27.60, 27.70, 27.80, 27.90, 28.00, 28.10, 28.20, 28.30, 28.40, 28.50, 28.60, 28.70, 28.80, 28.90, 29.00, 29.10, 29.20, 29.30, 29.40, 29.50, 29.60, 29.70, 29.80, 29.90, 30.00, 30.10, 30.20, 30.30, 30.40, 30.50, 30.60, 30.70, 30.80, 30.90, 31.00, 31.10, 31.20, 31.30, 31.40, 31.50, 31.60, 31.70, 31.80, 31.90, 32.00, 32.10, 32.20, 32.30, 32.40, 32.50, 32.60, 32.70, 32.80, 32.90, 33.00, 33.10, 33.20, 33.30, 33.40, 33.50, 33.60, 33.70, 33.80, 33.90, 34.00, 34.10, 34.20, 34.30, 34.40, 34.50, 34.60, 34.70, 34.80, 34.90, 35.00, 35.10, 35.20, 35.30, 35.40, 35.50, 35.60, 35.70, 35.80, 35.90, 36.00, 36.10, 36.20, 36.30, 36.40, 36.50, 36.60, 36.70, 36.80, 36.90, 37.00, 37.10, 37.20, 37.30, 37.40, 37.50, 37.60, 37.70, 37.80, 37.90, 38.00, 38.10, 38.20, 38.30, 38.40, 38.50, 38.60, 38.70, 38.80, 38.90, 39.00, 39.10, 39.2